

sunday morning poem birds
making music

I've discovered
that my voice
equals old miller for
lucidity simple truth verbal
bounce off this page

this I discovered
this morning

but here I am in poet
form and
miller was in
all that prose

still he lives and still
he writes

I can't just be the man's equal
I've got to
surpass that satyr

perhaps it
has been my discussion
description
envisioning of demons
perhaps I'll never surpass miller
perhaps there is a plateau of
lucidity with
written words

perhaps we climb that cliff
our cocks torn
and almost
fallen off
perhaps we then
with luck reach that
flat top and shake
hands toes
with miller bukowski céline patchen
artaud rimbaud bulgakov hesse camus
lorca and the 100 others
hamsun too